

St. Louis Christian Advocate.

MINISTER'S COLUMN.

VARIOUS THINGS.—This is our heading this week; and in introducing various things into one article, we but follow the example many of you give in your sermons. You often introduce and discuss various matters in one sermon; very properly, too; and why may we not do so in one article? But without further preface allow us to proceed:

1. **Building Churches.**—There is throughout Missouri and Kansas a great want of church houses. This is not surprising, as many parts of these countries have been recently settled. The people had their houses to build, their farms to open, and these, with other necessary engagements, have occupied their time and employed their means and energies; but they have needed church houses all the time, and need them now more than ever, because there are more people to be accommodated and more to be preached to. In many places houses can be built very soon. The people are able and willing, and would go forward if the subject were properly presented and urged upon them. They expect the preachers to take the lead in such matters. It is right they should look to them to be foremost in every good word and work, and they (the preachers) should see to it that these reasonable expectations are not disappointed. Wherever church houses can be built, let it be done at once. Delays are dangerous, and in few things are they more dangerous than in matters of this kind. It sometimes happens that preachers, feeling they are on the circuit but for a year at a time, fail to do in matters of this kind all they could and should do. Each and every preacher should work on his circuit as though he were going to stay there forever, and yet live every day as if sure he would die the next. He should work for the future as well as the present. Devise plans, and start undertakings which look to the future good of the people and country, and then his successors should carry out those plans in good faith. We must all work harmoniously, and work together, if we expect to work successfully; and not have one to begin a good work or set on foot a good enterprise and the next that comes after him let it die for want of attention. This too often happens. It is wrong and works injury to the Church, disheartens the people, blunts their energies and causes them to do much less than they otherwise would. Now if churches are needed on your circuits, build them. If you cannot finish this year, commence and do what you can, and leave the rest to your successor. If you can do nothing more, procure ground on which to build churches hereafter. This any of you may do, and in doing it you will have done something, nay much, it may be. Allow us to ask your attention specially to this matter. In every neighborhood where you think a Methodist church needed, try and procure ground for one. No matter if it cannot be built this year, next year, or in ten years, procure the ground and have it regularly and properly deeded to Trustees to hold it in trust for the M. E. Church South, and have the deed regularly recorded that all may be right and safe. Procure as much ground as you can get—one acre, two acres, ten acres—whatever you can; it will some day be valuable to the Church, and in many places it will be donated readily. There are many places in this State where a few years ago ten acres of land would have readily and cheerfully been given to the Church if applied for, which land, did the Church now own it, could be sold for enough to build a church house, still retaining an acre as a site on which to build it. Brethren, let us grow wiser and act more wisely in this respect than we have been doing in the past. In many places lands are yet cheap, but advancing in price rapidly; and what will now cost the Church little or nothing will, in a few years, cost enormously, if, indeed, it can be bought at all. We commend this subject to your consideration, and pray you give it serious attention. Watch the neighborhoods that are being filled up rapidly with people, and procure lands for churches. Watch the new and rapidly growing towns, and procure lots there. Don't be scared at the idea of having to beg a little money with which to purchase an eligible site. The people of Missouri will bear being well begged. We have tried them, and never yet have presented a subject for their benevolence but what they responded heartily. They have sense enough to see at once the propriety and necessity of what we now suggest. Try them, and if at first you don't succeed, "try again" and again. Keep trying and you will be sure to succeed sooner or later. Go at it at once; and with every revival notice let us hear, "We secured a good lot on which to build a church as soon as we can." Work for the future, and thousands yet unborn "will rise up and call you blessed."

2. **Class Meetings.**—These are times of revival—great and glorious revivals. The young converts must be carefully trained. The world and the devil are no more friendly to religion now than heretofore. They will allure and tempt in hopes to destroy; and where have you, where can you have so good an opportunity of exhorting, reproving, instructing and encouraging young converts as in the class room? Your work in many instances is scattered over a considerable extent of country; and in the class room is your best and most frequent opportunity of seeing and conversing with your members. Don't neglect it. Better in many cases omit the sermon than the class meeting. We have done this often and never regretted it, or had cause to regret it. Get the very best leaders you can, and be sure they are men of good common sense and of deep, fervent piety; men who love the Church and will seek to save souls. A real good class leader is an invaluable blessing to the Church and the neighborhood in which he lives. Such will aid

you greatly, and carry on and carry out the good work you may have commenced. In times like the present you need all the aid you can procure, both from heaven and earth. Good class leaders and faithful members will do much to advance the good cause while you are absent on other parts of your work. Procure the labors of such and give them the right sort of encouragement and the right sort of example.

3. **Prayer Meetings.**—If at all practicable, establish these, and have them regularly kept up in every society. How can you expect a society to keep the life and power of religion with no other meetings than circuit preaching? The thing is almost utterly out of the question. You cannot reasonably expect it. If you rely solely on extra meetings, extra efforts and the like, you will in time find much of the legitimate fruit of these efforts going off to other Churches or back to the world. No! No! You must keep the battle moving. Push it on. Enlist every agency and every individual you can, and have them working at one point while you are at work at another. Do this; set everything in motion, put every possible help in requisition, and soon your whole circuit will be in a blaze of religious prosperity—a prosperity that will go on steadily, regularly, triumphantly. Unless you do this you may work your lives away, and while you carry on a revival at one place it will die out at another, and your time will be spent in running round kindling fires that die as soon as you leave them. Be wiser than this. When the fire has been kindled and you are called away to another place be sure to leave good hands and willing hearts to watch and take care of the first, and thus keep on till all burn, to the destruction of sin, and to the glory of God. We have long witnessed with painful feelings a great waste of good, honest labor on the part of many of our preachers; wasted, because misdirected. We have waited for years for older and wiser men to call attention to it. They have not done so; we will, to the best of our ability. This is our first on this subject: look out for the rest.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Strange Theology Again!

A short time since I published an article in the Advocate under the caption "Strange Theology," in relation to a discourse preached in our town by Bro. B., of the Reformers. He saw the article in the Advocate, and wrote a note directed to me, informing me that he should be in our town on the next Sabbath to answer the questions propounded in my article, and desired me to be present. He came according to appointment, and according to his request I was present. He commenced by stating the object of his discourse. He then read over the article which I had written, and commenced his task of explanation. After a few remarks on the first part of it, and a little misconstruction, he passed over his old system of "agents," about as he had done before. Having undertaken the interrogatories, he abounded, complained, objected strongly against metaphysics. He allowed the plain word itself was enough, without anything more. As to active and passive agents he could not so well understand them. There are such things as passive verbs, but he did not wish to use much grammar. The agents he would have as so many links of a chain—God being one of those links. But he was not careful to tell us whether there was any difference in the length or importance of those links. Again, he would illustrate his strange system by a medicinal compound which had been prepared by the doctor for his sick patient—but again he failed to tell us who mixed the theological compound, and what part of the moral disease each one should eradicate. God could not administer the medicine, for he, with the other twelve agents, formed the medical compound. We often hear of physicians mixing different kinds of medicines for certain indications in the progress of disease, but such a thing as a thirteen-agent-theological-compound applying itself to the soul, cleansing it from all sin, is strange! Instead of throwing light upon the subject, he made it dark—more dark! He seemed perfectly unwilling to believe in the divinity of Christ. He would not believe in the eternal sonship of Christ, but denies it in the face of all the Scriptures which go to prove the doctrine. Neither would he believe that the Holy Spirit was entitled to a divine appellation. He seemed amazed at the word *Elohim*, and the idea of a Trine God almost shocked his mental and moral sensibilities. Perhaps his thirteen-agent system is perfectly plain to him. I do not suppose his own denomination will adopt his system of agents in the salvation of the soul. Those who endorse his system would be very much puzzled to prove the position assumed if called upon to do so. I have not suffered much uneasiness about his answering the questions proposed, neither do I expect to, while he entertains such sentiments as were thrown out in those two sermons. He may preach on (if such be preaching), without any danger of his ever provoking me into a discussion. The doctrines which I tried to set forth, in few words, in relation to the Trinity of the Godhead, I believe to be the teachings of the Bible—Truth itself. If so, they are impregnable, and the stronger he attacks them the stronger will the reaction be upon his own head. Action and reaction are always equal to each other. I think his discourses were among the most incongruous and illogical ones I have ever listened to. It looks exceedingly singular that any person in this enlightened age should set himself up as a teacher in theology, and then roundly and flatly deny the divinity of Christ. To undertake an argument with such a person would be useless, and only result in a loss of time. Bro. B. is the same one who, at a protracted meeting, last fall, gave one of our members, as he supposed, a very puzzling question or proposition. And such a proposition as it was! Almost ridiculous in itself. Take it all as it was presented, it was perfectly unmeaning, and could teach no great truth of any kind.

If Bro. B. should ever try his system again, I hope he may be more successful, or else abandon it forever as illogical and unscriptural. May he cease to detract from the divine character of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Let us worship him who "shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace." If Christ be not God, will Bro. B. tell us what he is—what manner of being we shall call him? We believe Christ to be God in every sense of the term, as regards his divine nature—"verily and truly God." He is worthy of all adoration and the highest homage. Therefore let all fall before him and worship him in spirit and in truth, for no other kind of service is acceptable with him. May we ever feel his atoning blood applied to our souls, cleansing us from all sins. Bro. B., if you have never obtained the pardon of your sins through the atoning blood of a divine Mediator, set about the work immediately; fly to the cleft side of King "Immanuel"—God with us. I do not say you have not obtained the pardon of your sins. I just throw out the suggestion, and you can take it for what it is worth. Let us be always ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.

J. M. HARDY.

California, Mo. Feb. 15, 1858.

Miscellaneous.

Mounds and Curiosities in Claiborne Co., Miss.

Everything which relates to the history and accidents of man are interesting to man. America is the home of a great and mighty empire; but its future greatness none may yet predict. Yet this empire is built upon the ruins of others which have passed away. The soils we cultivate, and from which is derived the wealth of this great and growing country, are enriched with the dust of millions of our race, who once dwelt where we now dwell. If the shades of the departed linger about the forms they once inhabited, awaiting some great future event when they shall be restored to them, what multitudes of disembodied human spirits must now fill this great land! Every field, every forest, all our gardens are peopled with them. Our pleasure grounds are the places of their pastime, with which they are more familiar, and in which they are more at home than we ourselves.

We have just dug into a small mound on the Woodland plantation, owned by J. E. Calhoun, Esq., about ten miles from Port Gibson. This mound is about five feet high, with a number of small trees and one large one on it. On the top, about two feet beneath the surface, were found eleven skull bones or heads, and in another ten, as close together as they could lie, with their bodies severely radiating; and all, except one of the former group, lying horizontally. One seemed to have been interred standing. It was the central head, and was in a state of almost perfect preservation, viz: the whole skull or head toward the socket where the neck bone entered; the forehead high, cheek bones prominent, and half the upper jawbone with its teeth, and all the bony structure of the nose. This head measures from the root of the ear behind over to the corresponding point on the opposite side, fifteen inches; from the eyebrow over to the insertion of the neck bone, thirteen and a half inches; and across the brow, three and a half inches.

Several of the other skulls were equally perfect, except the facial portions; and some of them much larger. There were also small skulls apparently of children. Most of the bones of the body were found, many of them entire. One, supposed to be the thigh bone, measured sixteen inches; and another seventeen and three-fourths. And one, supposed to be an arm-bone, measured eleven inches. Some of the bones of the lower extremities were complete, that is the whole from the hip down. But the ligaments being dissolved, they parted on removal. Two large smoking pipes were taken out, either cut out of a soft stone or made out of whitish or greyish clay and burned very hard. One of these is very large and heavy, and has on each side the print of a pipe with its handle shaped as our clay pipes. In the bowls of the pipes, effects of use are very palpable, the interior being calcined or blackened by the action of the fire, precisely as our pipes are now in smoking.

Some of the persons present thought they could perceive the stale smell of tobacco, as we perceive it on an old and much used pipe. This, of course, was all fancy. Also a hollow cup two and a half inches square at the base, at the height of two inches drawn in and made circular, and higher up bulging so as to give a diameter of three inches, then narrowed again to two inches at the top, the whole height being four and a half inches. Also, two vessels, similar to our kitchen pots, without feet, capable of holding three or four quarts each. Also, one bottle which would hold about one pint, and shaped precisely as our water bottles on a dinner table. These vessels are made of clay. A smooth, hard stone, three-fourths at one and two inches broad at the other end, sharpened to an edge. And another circular something of grey stone, two inches in diameter and three-fourths of an inch thick, and strikingly resembling in shape a common table biscuit.—Port Gibson Herald.

THE HEAVENLY CALL.—Many are the calls, outwardly and inwardly, which sound forth from heaven to sinful man.

Every time the church bell rings it is a call. It says, sinner, Jesus is ringing for thee, inviting thee, wooing thee. If thou wouldst but listen, it would sound as joyfully as a marriage bell.

The open church door is a call. It says to all that pass by, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able."

"Come in, come in,
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

The lighted windows in the church at evening are a solemn call. They cry in the ears of the impenitent, "Jesus is the light of the world." "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have light, lest darkness come upon you."

The village spire that points upward to heaven is a silent call. It says: Look up steadfastly into heaven, and see the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. "See those things which are above. Set your affection on things above, not on things on earth."

The voice of the preacher is a call. It says: "Repent and believe the gospel, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." "We are ambassadors of Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Every tract, dropped at the door by the hand of Christian benevolence, is a divine call. It says: "I have a message from God unto thee." "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

Every leaf of the Bible is a call. It says: "Search the Scriptures." It "is able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." "It is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness." The death of every unconverted friend is a call, a loud call. It says: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment."

God's call to you, sinner, is loud, earnest, pressing, importunate. You are now called. Why not yield to the call and secure your everlasting welfare?

"There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath."

Puritan Recorder.

HYPERCRITICAL.—In Saintsville, a very quiet town in one of the Middle States, (we do not like to spot it exactly) Squire Williamson reigned as the supreme judge in all matters of taste, especially the fine arts. He sets up to be the most knowing man in town, not in law only, but in all departments of science. Now and then he overshoots the mark. One of the neighbors, an intelligent mechanic, having a fine taste for natural history, spent a good deal of time and labor in preparing a cabinet of stuffed birds, arranging them "as natural as life," on perches around his shop. The Squire was fond of dropping in from time to time to find fault with the arrangement of the specimens. He admitted the skill of the man in skinning and stuffing them, but the habit of the bird was not hit in the way he stands.

"Why don't you follow nature?" the Squire would ask, and grumble at the work to show his own acquaintance with a subject of which he was totally ignorant.

Rogers, the bird-fancier, was vexed at the Squire's criticisms and self-conceit, and resolved upon fixing him. A friend from the country brought him one day a live owl of beautiful plumage, and Rogers gladly took it of him, and set it up in one corner of the shop on a shelf. Presently as the Squire was passing, he asked him in. His eye caught sight of the new addition to the cabinet, and he exclaimed:

"Hey, hey, Rogers, a splendid specimen that! elegantly stuffed, too! But, Rogers, who ever saw an owl with his head tucked up in that kind of a way? Follow Nature, man!"

"Perhaps," said Rogers, "you could fix the head as owls are accustomed to hold them."

"To be sure I can," replied the Squire, and mounting a chair, he reached up to the bird to straighten out his head. But his owlship did not wait to be pulled; he darted out his bill, and gave the Squire's forehead a grip that he will carry the mark of for many a day. Falling back out of the chair in his fright, and seeing a smile of satisfaction on Rogers' face, he saw at once that he had been sold. The owl looked on as wise as a judge, and the Squire was compelled to give in; but he insisted that owls in the woods or in the barn do not hold their heads as this rascally fellow does in the cabinet.—Harper's Magazine.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The Buffalo Commercial says that the Rector of St. Paul's Church, in that city, had reached the middle of his discourse, on Christmas Eve, when a delegate from beatitudinism came up the south aisle. It was a young squaw with a half-heathenish, half-civilized dress, a diminutive bonnet hanging on the back of her head by the strings, and a calico shawl of gay colors wrapped around her like a blanket. She came along with the slow Indian step, until near the front of the church, a gentleman gave her a seat. She sat down as if unused to cushions, but maintained very good behavior, except that when the Rector was occasionally more than usually emphatic, she felt called upon to express her approbation by an audible "dat's good." During the singing of the closing hymn, she stood up with the rest, evidently much excited, leaning eagerly forward, her frame quivering with the new emotion of organ music. But after the benediction, when the choir performed an anthem, she rushed out of the pew into the space before the chancel, where she stood unconscious of the gaze of the congregation, her eyes fixed on the organ, and all the strangeness of her position forgotten in the rush of sensation produced by the rich notes of the organ and the extolling chorus of the anthem. Poor child of the wilds! drunk with a new emotion, a stray lamb from heathendom, joining unconsciously in the worship of One who, almost at the antipodes and nineteen centuries ago, lay in swaddling clothes within a manger!

ASTONISHING PERFORMANCE OF AN AMERICAN BEFORE QUEEN VICTORIA.—On the 13th of January, at Windsor, Mr. J. S. Rarey, from the United States of America, had the honor of exhibiting before her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the royal family and suite, in the riding house, his miraculous power over the horse. Several animals were selected as subjects of his experiments. He commenced with a wild colt, eighteen months old, belonging to the Prince Consort, which was brought from Shaw Farm, and which had never been handled except by halter, and had been chosen by Colonel Honorable A. N. Wood for the occasion. After Mr. Rarey had been left alone with the animal for about an hour and a half, the royal party entered, and found him sitting on its back, without holding the rein, the horse standing perfectly quiet. Mr. Rarey then made a few remarks in regard to his great experience in the treatment of this noble animal. A drum was afterwards handed to Mr. Rarey, which he beat with great fury, whilst sitting on the horse's back, without the colt exhibiting any signs of fear.

The royal party afterward withdrew for a few minutes, and on their return found the animal lying down, and Mr. Rarey knocking its hind legs together, one of which he put against his face. Afterward a restive horse, selected from Mr. Anderson's stables, in London, which Mr. Rarey said he had before handled, was placed at one end of the riding house alone. Mr. Rarey went to the other end, and at his command the horse walked quietly up to him. He then made the horse lie down in the presence of the Queen, when Mr. Rarey crawled between his hind legs, and over him in various ways. Mr. Rarey then rolled the horse on his back. The horse was afterward placed in various positions, in which it stood without holding, and without a bridle. A third horse, selected by Mr. Meyers, the riding master, as a very nervous animal, was then brought in, and in a few minutes afterwards it was made by Mr. Rarey to do all which had been done by the other horses. At the conclusion of this exhibition of Mr. Rarey's wonderful power over the horse, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort expressed to Mr. Rarey his gratification and thanks. The secret has been entrusted to Major-General Richard Airey, in confidence, who has pronounced that there is nothing in the treatment but what any horseman would approve of.

From the Western Christian Advocate.
Cumberland Mission 1832-23.

When the Kentucky conference met in Lexington in 1832, Bishop McKendree was there anxious to extend the work. He learned there was a destitute region in the southern part of Kentucky toward the upper sources of the Cumberland river, where a mission was needed. The people of that mountainous region lived in caves, and hollows, and along the creeks as they could find room between the lofty elevations. Their habitations were generally of cheap material and rude structure. Some of them cultivated patches of Indian corn for bread and hominy. They depended on guns to procure supplies of bear meat, venison, wild turkey, raccoon, etc. Their costume was of the primitive backwoods style. Deer leather was the staple for pants and moccasins. For over garments they used loose sacks, called hunting-shirts, made of woolsey linsey, while wool hats or coonskin caps completed the usual wardrobe. As to churches and school-houses they had none, and, of course, they felt no need of books. There were men there who, at the age of forty-five years, had never seen a wagon. That which came nearest to a wagon of all the things they had seen was a pair of truck wheels drawn by oxen. Free from the cares and trammels of refined society, their chief delight consisted in having a gun on the shoulder, shot-pouch and powder-horn on one side, a butcher's knife on the other, and a pack of bear dogs at their heels. They devoted their days to sporting, and their evenings to feasting and hunting stories. The mission was instituted, and appended to the Cumberland district; Peter Cartwright presiding elder.

The first missionary selected was William Chambers, a conscientious brother, of sedate appearance, plain in his dress and address, and a good preacher. In the fall of 1832 he took charge of his parish, new and fresh, not "Gospel hardened," but wholly uncultivated. The prospect of usefulness reconciled the missionary to his privations. But the natives received him with suspicion: they seemed to regard him as an enemy, who had come to spy out their liberties. This, of course, was groundless. Bro. Chambers was a worthy man, and desired only their salvation; yet suspicion led to prejudice, and prejudice to violence in his rejection. He soon became convinced that retreat to the land of civilization was his best, if not his only means of personal safety, and acted accordingly. So matters remained that winter—the missionary driven off, and the field in possession of the enemy. But the elder, Cartwright, did not relish the defeat, and deemed the enterprise worthy another trial.

In the spring of 1833 brother Cartwright, on his regular round of quarterly meetings, was introduced to George Richardson, a stalwart young Kentuckian, about nineteen years of age, but large and well-formed. He was not yet a regularly licensed preacher, but a zealous Methodist, soundly converted, a licensed exhorter, and a candidate for the itinerant ministry. Elder Cartwright first took his physical dimensions, and found them sufficiently imposing. He was nearly six feet high, broad chest, with well-developed muscles, indicating both strength and activity. His mental powers accorded well with the physical. With only a plain English education, he evinced strong common sense and ready wit. His general bearing was fearless but respectful. Bro. Cartwright concluded he was the man needed, when the following conversation, in substance, occurred:

CARTWRIGHT. Brother Richardson, I want you to take charge of Cumberland mission. Those fellows up there have driven brother Chambers off. But it won't do for us to deliver them over to the devil without another effort to save them, and I want you to give them a strong pull. They must be converted somehow; and if you can't convert them with the Gospel, do it with your fist.

RICHARDSON. Well, that is just the sort of a place I should like to go to.

The appointment of George Richardson to the mission was settled, and with the least delay practicable he was off to his work. His first public demonstration was made at the shiretown of a new county, where the hamlet consisted of two log cabins, one of which was called the court-house, and the other the tavern. Richardson stopped at the latter and preached in the former. The public service over, he returned to the tavern, and was reading his Bible, when he received an unceremonious call from some of his new parishioners. The seat he occupied was an imperfect imitation of a chair, of home manufacture, strong and heavy, but roughly finished. While he was alone quietly reading, four young men stepped in and made a rude attack upon him. At first he tried to reason with them, that he was a lone, unoffending stranger, and not disposed to have any personal difficulty; to all which they made no reply, but profanely affirmed their fixed purpose to flog him, and drive him from the country as they had driven Chambers. As they crowded toward him to make the assault, Richardson rose up and placed the huge chair between him and his assailants, and holding it firmly with both hands, took his position deliberately, and gave them fair warning that if they rushed upon him they must take the consequences. But, four against one, they were self-confident of success, and predetermined to give him a severe flogging. They, however, proceeded cautiously: two went on each side, so that, while fending off on one side, they might seize him on the other, and thus confuse and overpower him. But he was too quick for them. As they made a pitch altogether, he struck to the left and knocked down one, then quick as thought swung his chair to the right and knocked down another. The other two began to back, when he made a motion as if he would floor them also, but they precipitately fled from the room, as did also the two slain as fast as they could scramble up. So ended the first attempt to drive the new missionary from the field. With the room once more clear and quiet, he resumed his chair and finished his chapter, but little composed by what had transpired.

His next appointment was some way off. When he reached the place the cabin was full of women, and the yard full of men, many of whom, perhaps, feeling more interest in seeing the preacher licked than in hearing him preach. While securing his horse and removing his saddle-bags, five young men surrounded him, when the greeting proceeded on this wise:

"Are you the preacher?"

"I have come in place of the preacher."

"We are honest people up here in the mountains, and don't allow any horse-thieving, counterfeiting preachers to come among us. We know you can't preach any, but just for the fun of it we'll let you try, and then we'll lick you, and send you off as we did the other fellow. We understand it."

"As soon as I get ready I will let you know whether I can preach or not; and as for that other thing you intend to do, it can't be done. I am a man of peace, and came to bring a peaceful Gospel. Of course fighting is not in my line, but when compelled to fight in self-defense I am a very dangerous man. If I chose to engage in that kind of sport, I would not ask an easier task

than to whip a half a dozen such men as you are, all on me at once."

Passing through the crowd, Richardson then took his position in the cabin door, and commenced the public service in the usual way, using his pocket edition of hymn-book and Bible. The women ceased their merry chat to stare and listen at the stranger, and the men drew up in a solid square outside. During the sermon the power of God came down on the people, and many, in doors and out, fell like men shot in battle, and some shrieked aloud for mercy; and among the slain were the five bullies pledged to lick the preacher. Sermon ended, Richardson passed on, on his knees, through the house and yard exhorting and praying. The meeting held till near night. Many souls were converted. At the close Richardson stated the terms of admission, and proposed to form a class of probationers for church membership. The people came freely, and among those who joined were the five chivalrous blades who suffered the preacher to proceed only for fun before they were to give him a drubbing. How were the mighty fallen!

Before Richardson reached his third appointment, his fame preceded him. Rumors became rife that a young giant was in the land, full as strong as Samson who slew the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass; and in confirmation of this it was alleged that Richardson had licked four stout men all on him at once at the court-house, that he did it in a minute, and that without receiving a blow or a scratch. It was further alleged that he preached with such power as to knock a man down every lick at a distance of ten steps. Great curiosity was excited. Many were awe-stricken, and the whole community were agitated. From that time forward no difficulty occurred. All opposition ceased, and all the people were as kind to the missionary as they know how to be.

In the autumn of 1833 brother Richardson came to conference to be admitted as a travelling preacher, saying, as he found no organization, he had assumed the duties of a minister, a class-leader, steward, trustee, exhorter, local preacher, preacher in charge, presiding elder, bishop, and all; and as the result of that piece of a year's work he reported a mission circuit formed, and two hundred and sixty-one names enrolled as probationers for church membership. Subsequently he labored two years in my district, then ruptured a blood-vessel about his lungs, and utterly failed in his health. After a time he went south, hoping to recover. Whether he yet lingers in time, or has gone to his reward, I know not. I, however, take pleasure in saying in this connection, that George Richardson was a generous-hearted, magnanimous young man, one of great promise to the Church, till he lost his health in the midst of useful labor. I only add, the above facts respecting Cumberland mission were obtained partly from himself, and partly from others, and I have no doubt they are reliable. T. A. MORRIS.

Home Lodge, January, 1858.

Still it Goes.

Some of our readers will remember a humorous description of a "perpetual motion" machine which was published in our columns nearly four years since, and went the rounds of the papers. The machine was invented by James G. Hendrickson, of Freehold, Monmouth county, New Jersey. The power was very slight, being obtained by the use of arms and balls attached to a cylinder, and so contrived as to keep the extra weight always on one side, and give the cylinder a constant inclination to go round. Mr. Hendrickson was a very plain countryman, who had whittled away for forty years at this machine, amid the jeers and scoffs of neighbors and acquaintances, and who was of course not a little proud of his speech. Ours was the first public notice of his invention, but it soon attracted the attention of the curious, and he was invited to exhibit it at Raritan, N. J. The occasion, if we remember right, was a large gathering of the people during the progress of an Agricultural Fair. The incredulity of his own countrymen, however, was more than a match for him. He was surrounded by a set of people who contended that the motion he claimed was an impossibility, and that he was an impostor. Poor Hendrickson was no orator, and his assailants were clamorous and loud-spoken, but he pointed silently to his machine, which was enclosed in glass, and when the philosophers said that his claim was ridiculous, and that a machine could not "go of itself," he could only reply, "But it does go!" One would have supposed that the fact should have been sufficient to upset the old theory, but Jersey Blues were as stubborn as the noted disputant whose speech upon such an occasion, "so much the worse for the facts," is now famous in history, and they clung to their theory in the face of the demonstration.

They went further, and in spite of persecution as bitter as that which moved the Jesuits against Galileo, arrested Mr. Hendrickson for trickery and juggling, under the act for suppressing vice and immorality, charging him with moving his machine by a concealed spring! He was accordingly tried for this offense before Justice Bodle, of Keport. Mechanics, engineers, shipwrights, and all the experts of Jersey, gave testimony as to the impossibility of such an invention as he claimed, and their belief that a hidden spring, or some piece of ingenious roguery, was contained in the cylinder. At last the axe was applied, and the machine split in pieces, when lo! there was no concealed spring—no roguery—and the machine, despite the philosophers, had "gone of itself." The men of science gulped down their disappointment, and disappeared from the courtroom, and poor Hendrickson and the fragments of his machine were kindly discharged with the verdict, "No cause of action." The scene, when he returned to his home that night with the broken relics of his discovery in his hands, and gazing upon them in sad disappointment, must have been worthy of the canvass of a master painter.

Since that trial we had lost sight of him; but, two or three days ago, he came into the office with the same patient, thoughtful face, and holding in his hand the old invention in a new dress. He has made it this time of brass ribs, so that there is nothing concealed and no place for concealment; and in spite of the Jersey persecutors it will go! He has attached it to a simple clock, and the machine furnishes the motive power. How far this power can be extended it is not for us to say; but we must believe our eyes, and we once more assert that the machine will "go of itself!"

Journal of Commerce.

GET A HOME.—Get a home, rich or poor: get a home, and learn to love that home, and make it happy to wife and children by your beaming presence; learn to love simple pleasures, flowers of God's own planting, and music of his own; the bird, wind, and waterfall. So shall you help to stem the tide of desolation, poverty and despair that comes upon so many through scorn of little things. O, the charm of a little home of comfort, dwell there that abate the gilded halls of society. Live humble in your little home, and look to God for a grander one.